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city—that is, a race among equals, in which the best equipped will win, and New Haven's coastal location, once the foundation of its greatness, may very likely become its stumbling-block now.

Springfield and Hartford have the same overland connections as New Haven, and each of them is located, not at the periphery, but right in the heart of one of the most prosperous regions of New England, whose business it attracts and controls by innumerable secondary lines of traffic, steam and electric, which, like the arms of a huge octopus, bring to the centre anything which comes within its reach. In addition to these advantages, which both cities on the River have in common, Hartford has the unique advantage of a location at the now permanent head of navigation, at the transfer point of all merchandise from the water route to land transportation. Under such circumstances, the present outlook is strongly in favour of a final supremacy of this city. Already she has secured the distinction of being the only capital of the State, to the detriment of New Haven. It will be interesting to watch whether further development will justify these expectations, or whether new and unexpected conditions will turn up and once more transform all the geographical values, as has so often been the case in the past.

THE UNCHARTED SIERRA OF SAN PEDRO MÁRTIR.

BY

ARTHUR WALBRIDGE NORTH.

Geographically, there are four subdivisions of Baja California: the Cape Region, embracing the Cape San Lucas territory, and extending northward slightly above the latitude of La Paz, say $24^{\circ} 20'$ north; Central Baja California, extending northward from latitude $24^{\circ} 20'$ north to the 28th parallel; the "Waist," that narrow, rugged region from the 28th to the 30th parallel of north latitude, and *La Frontera*, including the territory from the old Mission sites of Rosario and San Fernando, along the line of the 30th parallel, thence northward to the American boundary above the 32d parallel.

Of *La Frontera* (The Frontier) the most prominent physical feature is the lofty plateau region of San Pedro Mártir, where the mighty backbone of the Baja California Cordillera attains to its greatest height. Doubtless some of the admirals of the brilliant Conquistador, Cortés, in their voyages up the Gulf of California in

search of a Northwest Passage, were the first civilized men to behold the mighty mountain bulk, and Cabrillo, sailing northward along the Pacific coast, perhaps studied its white outlines. In the year 1702, Padre Kino, the wonderful Jesuit traveller, made note in his journal of seeing the sierra, and sixty-three years later Padre Link, a Bohemian Jesuit from San Borja Mission, came within a few leagues of its southern spurs. If I have read correctly the old chronicles I found at San Borja, he was only saved from death at the hands of a vast multitude of mountain Indians by the intervention of a woman, who, although she was with the savages, was decently clothed and superior to them in bearing and knowledge. Good Padre Junípero Serra, after founding his Lower California Mission of San Fernando, travelled around the southern and western spurs of the sierra on his journey northward to San Diego and the field of his historic mission work in Upper California. Later Padre Gayetano Pallas established the Dominican Mission of San Pedro Mártir de Verona on the southwestern crest of the sierra, and twelve leagues east of the Mission of Santo Domingo. Two years thereafter, in 1796, Lieutenant-Governor Arrigilla made an official visit to the new Mission, only to find that the neophytes had fled in a body and were unwilling to return until a new Padre was conceded to them.

It would appear from the Taylor Summary hereinafter mentioned that James O. Pattie, the first American to visit the interior of the California Peninsula, referred to this great sierra in his journal; but it is more probable that the snow mountains seen by him while on the desert west of the Colorado River were the peaks north and east of Santa Catarina Mission, though he undoubtedly saw San Pedro Mártir Sierra while *en route* to and at his "San Sebastian Mission" (unquestionably San Vicente Mission).

In the days of Maximilian's overthrow and at the instance of a Lower California Colonization Company in which John A. Logan, Benj. F. Butler, August Belmont, Wm. G. Fargo, Caleb Cushing, Leonard W. Jerome, Ben Holladay, John A. Garland and other well-known war-time men were interested, the late J. Ross Browne published a concise little treatise on Lower California, and into the volume he tucked a most excellent "Historical Summary of Lower California History," written by the early California historian, Alexander S. Taylor. In this summary appears the following:

As the vicinities of the bay of Viscaino are reached, and after passing the parallel of 28, the mountain system begins to rapidly rise from 4,000 feet to the elevation of perpetual snow which it appears to attain opposite the Mission of San Fernando, which from several accounts it seems to carry until near the Mission of Santa Catarina. These snowy peaks (for it is only on the highest peaks

snow is seen) must be over 12,000 feet high, as they are reported to be covered with snow in the spring and early summer, by Kino in 1702, Link in 1765, and by Pattie in 1827; but these nevadas have never been laid down geographically correct in the two or three old maps of the Jesuits; indeed they have never been laid down on any we have seen dated after 1830. In their vicinities is stated to be a large mountain lake which feeds the various small streams north of Viscaino Bay.

It is the melting of these snows on this range which makes the northern part of the peninsula so much better watered and more fertile than the southern districts, or even better than our sections between San Diego and San Bernardino.

The following account of the sierra, giving it for the first time an unwonted name, appeared in the "West Coast of Mexico," prepared by the Hydrographic Office of the U. S. Navy from data furnished during the '70's by Commander George Dewey and the officers of the U. S. S. "Narragansett." This book was published in 1880, and in the subsequent reprints the same error was perpetuated:

Calamahue Mountain, sometimes called Santa Catalina Mountain, from the Mission of that name near its foot, lies $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles S. 84 W. (W. by S. $\frac{3}{4}$ S. mag.), from Point San Felipe. It has a whitish appearance with a jagged top, and is the highest mountain in Lower California, having an elevation of 10,126 feet above the sea level, and can be seen in clear weather a distance of over 100 miles. Strange as it may appear it was never laid down on any chart until those of the Narragansett's survey, 1873 to 1875, were published. Father Kino speaks of it, in 1702, as being covered with snow during the winter and spring.

There is said to be in the vicinity of Mount Calamahue a large mountain lake, which feeds the various small streams that flow toward the Pacific coast.

The Cocopa Indians, who inhabit some parts of this region, report the existence of gold there and they occasionally come to the Colorado River bringing nuggets of pure gold with them, which they trade off. They do not permit white men to enter that part of the country which they inhabit, and thus far have succeeded in keeping undisputed possession of their treasure.

The coast from Point San Felipe to the mouth of the Colorado River, a distance of about thirty miles, trends nearly due north.

In 1894, Mr. George Gould hunted mountain sheep along the northern slopes of the great sierra, and his experiences are recorded in a publication of the Boone and Crockett Club, brought forth in the '90's by Mr. (now President) Theodore Roosevelt. Eight years later Mr. Edmund Heller, of the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago, collected mammals along the western half of San Pedro Mártir, and a report of his doings is on file in the museum's archives.

Late in 1906 I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Plutarco Ornelas, the talented Consul of the Mexican Government at San Francisco. In response to my inquiries concerning the loftiest sierra in Baja California, he showed me "the latest and most far-reaching" treatise on Mexico, a French work, and under the title of "Calamahue" Mountain we found the identical information furnished by the U. S. Hydrographic Office's publication, and nothing that was more "far-reaching."

I have now submitted practically all the recorded history of the great sierra.

To my numerous queries made throughout Baja California con-

cerning the mountain's name, San Pedro Mártir Sierra has been the unfailing response. Not but that one can find the name "Calamahue" on the California Peninsula, or at least an Indian name so pronounced, but it cannot by any stretch of fancy be attached to the sierra. One hundred miles—after travelling across the deserts and over the barren mountains, and enduring the heat, snakes, and cacti, one is disposed to call it a thousand miles—south of San Pedro Mártir there is a wide and bleak arroyo which the Indians long ago called "Calagnuquet," on the edge of which the Society of Jesus in 1765 established the ill-fated Mission named by them for the arroyo, though they spelt it quite frequently Calamyget. This arroyo flows into the Gulf of California, and at its mouth resides my mining friend, Señor Dick; his adjacent mining camp he calls "Calamajuet" (pronounced Calamawhey). Whether one crosses the San Felipe Desert, the Arroyo Grande Mountains, and the Jacel—or El Tule—country, or travels by the old camino from San Felipe across Valle Trinidad and past Rancho Viejo, Santa Catalina Mission is fifty miles or more north of the sierra; hardly a location "near the foot" of the mountain!

So much concerning the application of the name "Calamahue" to the highest mountain in Baja California, and when the testimony supporting the title "San Pedro Mártir Sierra" is all in, the name "Calamahue" may be dismissed from further consideration. Survivors of the once numerous tribes of the Pais, Cahuilla, Santa Catarina, Yuma and Cocopa Indians, who from time immemorial have visited the mountain in war, or for game, pifiones, or gold, say that San Pedro Mártir has been the sierra's title for a long, long time, and that they have never known the name of Calamahue or Santa Catalina to be connected with it; and in this the Mexican and foreign residents concur. Moreover, the Dominican friars established the Mission of San Pedro Mártir de Verona upon the crest of the sierra in the year 1794, and this was full three years before they founded the more northerly Mission of Santa Catarina or Catalina. Unquestionably the sierra derived its name from this Mission of San Pedro Mártir.

With this introductory account of the recorded history and name of the mountain its description may now be undertaken.

Approximating from the coast-line charting of the little-known territory, the geographical bounds of San Pedro Mártir Sierra are as follows, viz.: at the north, $31^{\circ} 5'$ latitude, north, and $115^{\circ} 40'$ and $115^{\circ} 5'$ longitude, west; at the south, $30^{\circ} 25'$ latitude, north, and 115° longitude west. As this sierra has, like the main range through-

out the Peninsula, many sea shells scattered about its surface, doubtless it began life under the ocean and then became an island and looked across a stretch of water far northward to other islands that are now Mt. Whitney, Mt. San Jacinto, and Mt. San Bernardino. The trend of the California Peninsula is southeast and northwest, and so, also, is the trend of its greatest sierra. To the west rugged spurs reach out in long sweeps, in places to the Pacific Ocean over fifty miles distant; to the east granite ridges and sheer precipices drop down to the San Felipe Desert; to the north the main ridge lessens in height until it sinks into a valley known as Valle Trinidad; then gradually rising again, it attains at Laguna, over twenty leagues northward, an altitude of near six thousand feet; to the south, also, the range breaks, merging into the hills, and rising later on in the vicinities of the Sierras of Matomi and San Juan de Dios.

The main crest of the Sierra of San Pedro Mártir is approximately fifteen leagues in length by three and a half in breadth. This lofty area is occupied by grassy meadows, timber-covered swales, cross ridges, and *picachos*. There are perennial springs, cold streams, and at the meadow of La Grulla (The Crane) a small laguna or lake; but the sierra is not snowclad save in winter and early spring, and its streams are fed far more by the summer thunderstorms than by melting snow.

The Mission of San Pedro Mártir de Verona was erected on rising ground at the northern edge of a well-watered meadow; now its walls are nearly level with the ground. The buildings were of adobe, built round the usual *pátio* or court; they faced slightly east of south and covered a space of eighty-five paces by fifty-seven; at the north end and at the south there were entrances. Judging from the ruins there were two small forts near the southwest corner of the Mission, and adjoining the walls at the north was a stock enclosure with an area of eighty-five by twenty-nine paces. There was also a defensive wall of some sort extending southeasterly from the northeast corner of the Mission. Usually the Lower California Missions were roofed with cement and gravel, or with thatch; but having found pieces of old tiling about the ruins of San Pedro Mártir Mission, I can but assume that tile roofs were there in use.

In prehistoric times a race of people came upon the great sierra and on cliffs in its deep cañons drew petroglyphs, with human figures, trees, and strange designs in outline where men of modern stature may not reach. This race had disappeared when red men came upon San Pedro Mártir Sierra; but these later arrivals, also, were men of magnificent physique, for six feet is an ordinary height

among the Cahuillas, the descendants of these old-time Indians. These Cahuillas are large, powerful, dark-skinned natives, and live in the rancherias of Arroyo, Leon, Juanook, and San Antonio, small clusters of thatch and pole shacks situated upon the northern slope of the sierra within easy journeying of the nut-bearing piñon trees; *mestizos*, or mixed bloods, are found at many of the Mexican ranches north and west of the sierra. The old Jesuit traveller Link jotted down in his journal that the Indians on the southern slopes of the mighty sierra that blocked his northern advance lived in houses of wood; but "houses" may have been used relatively, and signified but a shack.

The tradition is that three-quarters of a century ago the Mission of San Pedro Mártir suffered so frequently at the hand of the Cahuillas that soldiers and armed Indian converts from the Missions of San Vicente and Santo Domingo were sent to subdue the troublesome ones. As the Indians all delighted in warfare, and as each tribe considered all others its enemies, one may imagine the holy joy with which the Indian "converts" entered upon the pursuit of the "*brancos*." Before the dread firearms the latter eventually capitulated, and, bound hand and foot, they were carried away from the mountain crest, tied behind their mounted conquerors; later, the captives were put to work at Santo Tomas (not to be confounded with the mountain meadow of that name), San Vicente, and Santo Domingo Missions. At this time brief visits to the crest of San Pedro Mártir Sierra in search of piñons or venison is the extent of any Cahuilla's interest in the old haunts of his tribe.

In the days of the Frailes, as the Dominican Friars were termed by the Indians, Mission and mountain crest were reached by four different caminos or trails. Down the Peninsula there were three main *Caminos Reales*—the Camino del Golfo, the Camino de la Sierra, and the Camino del Pacífico; and of these trails—they did not attain to the dignity of roads—that of the Sierra passed directly through the Mission grounds, coming in from *Agua Dulce* (Sweet Water), the Mission San Fernando, and the Ranchos of San Juan de Dios and Rosarito at the south, and continuing along the sierra crest and down its northern slope, whence it crossed Valle Trinidad and made straight for Santa Catarina Mission. A branch trail from the Gulf Camino crossed a dozen leagues of arid hills and desert swale from the Bay of San Felipe to the mouth of the Arroyo Santa Rosa, thence by an ascent, rapidly increasing in dizziness, bore upward to the crest, and thence wore along

nearly due west to the Mission. A third trail—and an excellent one—approached the Mission from the west, heading at Santo Domingo Mission, down on the Pacific Camino, and twelve leagues west of San Pedro Mártir Mission.

By this last trail, in July, 1906, I ascended the sierra for the first time, though I was already familiar with many of its spurs. A Mexican, who had already proved his ability as a packer, was my sole companion. From the Mission ruins—in recent years even the ghostly walls were put through the gold pans of treasure-hunters vainly searching for traditional buried wealth of the Frailles—we crossed and criss-crossed the crest of the mountain, following old trails, which invariably wore out and left us to the guidance of my compass, and even the magnetic needle was put out of commission by a fall which I had.

This method of travelling made me most familiar with the sierra, but it ultimately wore upon the nerves of my Mexican. I had taken him expressly because he was a good packer, and because he had never been on San Pedro Mártir Sierra. To my mind, when one really wishes to explore any section of country, guides are an abomination; they will lead one where they have been before, and when any other route is suggested they will cook up the most alarming stories in opposition. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, in the evening of the fifth day of our (to me) delightful wanderings on the crest we made camp in a particularly eerie gorge, and my mozo became alarmed.

“Señor, where are we?” he asked, in some trepidation.

“On top of San Pedro Mártir Sierra,” I replied, calmly. This was self-evident, however, and not satisfying.

“But, Señor, do you not fear?”

“What is there to fear?” I answered, amused. “We have two deer for fresh meat, nigh a hundred kilos of provisions; we have ammunition, warm blankets, and the streams are not dry. No, there is no chance of starving or suffering from thirst. This travelling suits me; moreover, I have two books yet unread. Your wages are satisfactory, are they not?”

“Yes, Señor. But we are alone, and we have never before been at this spot.”

He would not have understood had I told him that because of this very fact our camp was doubly interesting. I therefore merely asked, “Do you fear death? Do you not know that until our time comes nothing can bring us fatal injury, and when that time comes there will be no escape?”

This fatalistic view that must early come to every big-game hunter quieted the Mexican but a moment; then a lion screeched in an unearthly manner in the crags above, and with most commendable forethought my man made answer to me:

"Señor, that may be well for you," he said; "you are a single man; but I have a wife and children to consider."

Truly, the proper mountain companion is hard to find, and truly also there is an uncalled-for dread by the Mexicans of the portions of San Pedro Mártir Sierra unknown to them.

Two days later my Mexican and I descended the sierra by the Santa Cruz Camino, a steep but plain trail leading westward from La Grulla to Socorro (Help), a gold placer on the western slope; and reinforced by my frontier friend, the "Colonel," we immediately thereafter ascended by the Socorro Camino, returning by the Corona (Crown) and Concepcion Caminos; we then reascended a third time by an unnamed suggestion of a trail, and finally descended into the San Felipe Desert by the ancient and forgotten Santa Rosa Camino. This last camino is one of the two most diabolical caminos in Baja California. The Camino Real from the south and the Agua Caliente Camino at the southeast were so distinct as not to require exploration. No wagon road ascends to the crest of San Pedro Martir Sierra.

Along the western slopes, just above the thirty-five hundred-foot level, there are two old Mexican placers now the property of Americans, and known as Valladares and Socorro. Here the wagon roads connecting with the highway which joins Ensenada with San Quentin terminate. From these placers gold is extracted by the hydraulic process. About Valladares oaks and willows grow, and even a few wild flowers; Socorro, on the other hand, lies in the midst of unchanging dull green *chemise* brush, but the pretty young Mexican-born daughters of the American "miner, '99er," residing at Socorro, are the roses of San Pedro Mártir, and with revolvers strapped to their young waists—for Indians and mestizos are not to be trusted and mountain lions are numerous—these charming Amazons may be seen riding, daily, in perilous places under the shadow of the white sierra, gathering together the half-wild cattle and stock with all the independence of their mother's distant Blue Grass State.

For a league, whether journeying from Socorro or Valladares, the summit-bound traveller rises slowly; then, with a sharp upward pitch, the trail zigzags nerve-rackingly skyward two or three thousand feet, winding in and out of the white granite boulders and

cliffs and leaving behind the mines and the Mexican and Indian ranchos of Santa Cruz, San Antonio, and San Isidro; finally, mountain benches six or seven thousand feet above the sea-level are reached, pines and grass-bound streams appear unexpectedly, the lower world becomes a vista of distant peaks, and the crest of San Pedro Mártir Sierra is attained. The traveller now finds himself in a new world, unlike *in toto* the rest of Baja California, and he may wander at will, for eagle and giant condors, wild ducks, mountain quail, deer, wildcats, lions, coyotes, half-wild horses and cattle, descendants of the herds of the Frailes, alone dwell on the crest of this sierra; for short periods native vaqueros occupy shacks at the meadows of Santo Tomas and La Grulla, but crisp nights and mornings, most invigorating to northern blood, are not relished by the Mexicans.

Throughout Baja California the deer are rapidly disappearing; in one season, recently, professional hunters killed one hundred and thirty, does and fawns included, in a single locality. On San Pedro Mártir Sierra deer will soon be a tradition; and yet, in the open forest glades, they do add wonderfully to the charm of the wilderness. Until the middle of the last century large gray wolves roamed over the great sierra, but now they have passed into memory, the last known one having been killed in 1903. In the early '80's a lone bear took up his temporary abode on the mountain crest and doubtless enjoyed the marshy meadows and decayed logs, but the native hunters, finding his tracks, fled in dismay, and reported that the devil was upon the sierra. Strange though it may seem, bears do not inhabit even the most remote regions of Baja California. The most numerous and best-guarded species of game on San Pedro Mártir Sierra are the big horn or mountain sheep. Protected by the frightful precipices about them and the intense heat below them, these magnificent creatures live almost in undisturbed content among the barren crags along the well-nigh inaccessible eastern and southeastern portions of the sierra.

Beginning at the south and passing northward along the crest, the successive sierra meadows are known as Santa Eulalia, Santa Rosa and Santo Tomas, La Mision or San Pedro Mártir, La Grulla, La Encantada (The Enchanted, so named on account of its hidden position), and Vallecitos (Little Valley). These meadows each contain from one to two thousand acres of verdant plain, and they are connected by indistinct and broken cattle trails which criss-cross the sierra.

Even in the meadows, gray and white granite boulders are scat-

tered broadcast; while to the immediate north of La Encantada loom three massive white granite *picachos*, the Tres Palomas (Three Doves), and farther north a mighty *picacho*, La Providencia, rises high above the clouds, a gathering-place of condors and eagles, the unscaled home of lions and mountain sheep, the jagged summit of all Baja California, its white granite sides glistening, as though swathed in glittering snow, and visible even from the banks of the Colorado River a hundred miles away. La Corona (The Crown), a high timber-capped ridge to the southwest of La Providencia, vies with the latter in height, and, according to the aneroid, attains an altitude slightly in excess of ten thousand feet. A third and almost equally lofty ridge lies to the north of Corona and is unnamed; a small, rock-bound meadow is concealed below its summit, and near this meadow I found the ruins of an old shack with a stone foundation, doubtless the one-time retreat of a gang of horse thieves who lived on the sierra some years ago and operated in Baja California, Sonora, and along the Border.

Pines are a rarity in Baja California, but on the crest of San Pedro Mártir Sierra—which from a distance seems to be a gigantic mass of barren cliffs—spruce, cypress, tamarack, fir, incense cedar, yellow pine and sugar pine, the pitch pine and the pine that bears the piñons, beloved by the Indians, flourish and fearlessly invade the meadows and the granite ridges. About the streams the aspen and the willow, ferns, and wild flowers cluster, forming cool, enticing nooks; and yet the awful chasms which primeval forces gashed into the sides of the sierra, shaping courses for these same streams to seek their way to the Pacific or to lose themselves in the San Felipe Desert, are grim and forbidding, especially on the desert side.

Beginning at the southeast and continuing to the east, these arroyos are known as Agua Caliente, Santa Rosa, Providencia, and Arroyo del Diablo—in its dread majesty well earning this name; Arroyo Copal, Arroyo Esperanza, and Arroyo San Matias, which trend northward; Arroyo Leon, Arroyo Weeks (Lizard), Arroyo San Rafael, and Arroyo San Pedro take more westerly courses; Valladares and San Antonio Arroyos unite, forming Santo Domingo Arroyo, which runs into the Pacific Ocean leagues distant. San Antonio Arroyo is formed by the junction of the water-courses from La Grulla—called, at its headwaters, La Zanca (The Shank)—and from the Mission; it is the one trout stream in Baja California.

In his efforts to dissuade me from descending the east slope of

San Pedro Mártir, my Mexican mozo advised me that fifteen and twenty-five years ago Americans visited the San Felipe Desert and left their bones whitening near the sierra. However, the "Colonel," the unwilling mozo, and I made the descent, and now the "Colonel" and I think the mozo told the truth. With my compliments, the San Felipe Desert is a mighty bad place to visit in August. On the crest of the sierra frost occurs periodically, and snow is customary from December to April; from this temperature in a day we reached the foot of the sierra, where there was no breath of air; at 7 P.M. the thermometer registered 112 degrees, and twelve hours later paused, merely, at 114 degrees on its upward march!

As we crouched in the poor shade of a *palo verde* at 10 A.M., waiting for night to bring a possible temperature for travelling, the "Colonel" remarked, "There's no dyin' till your time comes, but ourn may be mighty close."

However, thanks to night-time and thunderstorms, we eventually swung around to the north of the sierra and reached Valle Trinidad.

For all purposes of the traveller, San Pedro Mártir Sierra is No Man's Land. A small portion of it belongs to an English Colonization Company, the remainder is the property of the numerous heirs, known and unknown, of a Mexican General who, according to tradition, marched up the mountain from San Felipe Bay in 1833 and enforced the Secularization Act of Mexico by appropriating unto himself the best of the lands held by the Frailes of San Pedro Mártir Mission. To the lover of the wilderness the sierra is a rare retreat, where he may look down from lofty meadows and pine-clad slopes upon deep abysses, sharp peaks, arid deserts, and strange seas. Here, too, the scientist may rejoice in his field for discovery, the mountain-climber and the hunter find limitless range for wandering, and the romantic adventurer who would seek for the gold and jewel mines of other days—yes, and the Lost Mission of Santa Ysabel—may here revel in fascinating realms of hope.

NOTE.—The map, unfortunately delayed, will appear hereafter.